

tunged and vastly coloned.
barefoot, suffocating, i step outside the door.

the toilet is busted.
the diaper pail is brimming.
the cat is suffering from sour milk.
opening my typewriter, i find the muse has left me something
vile.

i close the typewriter,
tuck my wife and child and cat in bed,
and take a walk down to the local stonehenge
where i execute a desperate aztec two-step.

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(words for whatserass)

when i left you monday
i had no idea it was over.
you were good for me in bed;
i hadn't stayed so long in months.

but tuesday my car broke down.
wednesday i ran the quarter mile in eighty seconds.
thursday my wife got pregnant.
friday i wrote my memoirs.

saturday the paraplegic in the bar
told me you were expecting a call.
i preferred to play a game of chess with him,
which i lost.

sunday was my day of rest.
i never got out of bed.
my kind wife gave me a bourbon transfusion every hour.
on the tube, charley chan was disguised as a panama hatter.

today jim asked me, "where is mary these days?"
"mary who?" i asked.
he punched me in the mouth,
just as i was masticating some pretzles and a pickled egg.

(envoi)

love, i started out to write a love poem,
but i couldn't remember your name.
that is a reflection on me, not you.
you were not merely a nice girl, but a better-than-average
lay as well.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach, California